

# The Renowned History of the Seven Champions of Christendom :

St. George of England, St. Denis of France, St. James of Spain, St. Anthony of Italy, St. Andrew of Scotland, St. Patrick of Ireland, and St.

David of Wales: Epitomized.

Shewing their Valiant Exploits both by Sea and Land, their Combat with Giants, Monsters, Lions, and Dragons: Their Tilt, and Tournaments, Honours, their Mistress: Their overcoming Magicians and Necromancers, pulling and to their direful Enchantments: Their Knightships, Chivalry, and Magnificent Prowess against the Enemies of Christ, and in Honour of Christendom, in Europe, Asia, and Africa.

To which is added, The true manner of their Deaths, and how they came to be Beatified, The Seven Saints of Christendom.

Illustrated with Variety of Pictures.

Discussed and Emended according to Order.



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THE Author's MUSE upon the  
**HISTORY**

**T**He famous Acts of *Christendom's* brave Knights,  
Their warlike Acts are here in Field display'd;  
Their killing Giants, their most dreadful Fights,  
And to distressed Ladies giving Aid :  
VWho are in Fame's Eternal Book enroll'd,  
And shall in *Chronicles* for aye be told.

Their *Courage* ~~was~~, *Enchantments* could not damp,  
But succour lent to each distressed VVight;  
Their helping hand the Needy nee'd did want,  
But each of them like a *Courageous* Knight,  
Did venture to engage their dearest Blood,  
To right the VVrong, and do the Helpleſſ good.

Thus *Virtue* stirring up their Noble Minds,  
VWhich for to purchase Honour still were bent;  
In each Place where they came, their Valour finds  
Occasions by Tilt, Tourney, Tournament;  
Killing of Giants, Dragons, Monsters fell,  
All which this Book doth to the Reader tell.

The Famous HISTORY of the  
**Seven Champions, &c.**

C H A P. I.

*The Birth of Sir George, how he was stole away from his Nurses, and how he deliver'd himself, and the other Six Champions, from the Cave of Kalyb the Enchantress.*



**A**FTER that this our Island (first inhabited by Beasts) began to flourish with Arts and Arms, in the Famous City of Con-  
 try, lived the Renowned *Alban* Lord High Steward of  
 England, that took to Wife a Lady of marvellous Beauty  
 and Virtue, who having been long barren, at last conceived with  
 Child, but nightly Dreams to torment her Mind, that she was  
 conceived of a Dragon which should cause her Death, as she sev-  
 eral times said, but importuned her Lord, by Art to learn what should be  
 the meaning thereof; who, condescending to her Desires, accom-  
 panied only with one Knight, repaired to *Kalyb* the Lady of the Woods,  
 from whom he received this mysterious Oracle:

*Sir Knight, Return home to thy Lady,  
 Who hath brought forth a worthy Baby;  
 A Champion bold, of Courage stout,  
 Whose Fame shall ring the World through.*

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Sir George of the Green Tree*

Having received this Answer, they soon return'd; but e'er he came Home, his Lady, by losing her own Life, brought another Life into the World, being deliver'd of her son, upon whose breast was found a Dragon, on his right Hand a blood red Cross, and on his left leg a Golden Garter; his Name was given him George, and three Nurses provided to look to him; notwithstanding which, he was stolen away by the Enchantress *Kalyb*; which when his Father upon Return found, for very Grief he left his Habitation, and ended his Life in a strange Country.

In the mean Time, St. George grew both in Strength and Beauty, whose noble Deportment (being now grown to Man's Estate) so fired the Heart of the Enchantress with Lust, that with all the Seducement imaginable, she sought to accomplish her desires, and to gain his Affections, revealed to him of what Lineage he was, and also gave him the Command of her Cave, by the Gift of a Silver Wand, which she put in his Hand, leading him to a Rock to behold some Trophies of her Sorceries; but the entering in before him, he strack the Rock with his Wand, which presently closed, and in it this miserable Woman ended her wretched Life.

St. George then, like a gallant Knight, cleared from Thralldom Six Worthy Champions, whom his Enchantress *Kalyb* had a long time kept Prisoners, viz. *St. Denis of France*, *St. James of Spain*, *St. Anthony of Italy*, *St. Andrew of Scotland*, *St. Patrick of Ireland*, and *St. David of Wales*; he with them mounting their Steeds, and girding on their Swords, which they found in the Cave, departed forth to seek new adventures, travelling till they came to a spacious Plain, in the midst whereof stood a brazen Pillar, that had seven several Ways leading to it, which invited these seven Champions to take each of them a diverse Path. Where we will leave six of them to their different Progresses, and relate in this first Place the Adventures of our Hero, as you may read in the Chapter following.

CHAP.

of the Knight, between come to the Lady.  
The said Knight, having a ready hand  
A Champion bold, of Courage stout  
Whose Fame hath reach'd the Heavens above



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And to like a bold and valiant Knight rode to the Place

where the Dragon had his Head and

St. George killed the burning Dragon in Egypt, and rescued a

the King's Daughter from Death. How he was beloved by

the Black King of Morocco, and sent to the Sultan of Persia

where he remained Seven Years in Prison.



The valiant St. George, having left the other six Champions, as you have heard, after some few Months Travel, arrived within the Egyptian Territories, which Country was at that Time annoyed with a burning Dragon, whose Hunger, if it were not every Day appeased with the Body of a true Virgin, he would breathe forth such a Breath from his Nostrils as infected the whole Country with a horrible Plague; which for four and twenty Years together continued, till there was not one Virgin left but the King's Daughter only, and the ready the next Day to be offered up in Sacrifice to him, if the Dragon in the mean Time were not destroyed: wherefore the King her Father proclaimed, That whatsoever would combat with the Dragon, and preserve his Daughter's Life, he should have her for his Wife, and the Crown of Egypt after his Death, all which was made known to St. George, by a Hermit of that Country: Whereupon he resolved to undertake the Adventure, and lodging with the Hermit that Night, the next Morning mounted his Steed, he took his Journey to a Village, where the King's Daughter was being by a Matron, to be made a Prey to the Dragon's Jaws; whom our English Knight according, returned her back to her Father, promising to kill that Enemy of Egypt's Health, or lose his Life in the

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Encounter, and so like a bold Adventurous Knight rode to the Place where the Dragon had his Residence.

This horrible Dragon, whose Monstrous Proportion would have frighted any Knight but only St. George, as soon as she beheld him, wallowed from her hideous Den, and gave him a fierce Assault with her Wings and Tail, who nimbly avoiding her Fury, gave her such a thrust with his spear, that it shivered into Five hundred Pieces: The Dragon coming on afresh, smote him such a deadly blow as felled both Horse and Man to the Ground; when again rising, and stepping a little backwards, he went under the protection of an Orange Tree, which was of such Virtue, that no venomous thing dare approach unto it, where this valiant Knight a while rested him, and refreshing himself with the Juice of one of the Oranges, he again entered Combat with the Dragon, after many fiercer Assaults, with an eager Courage closed with her, and thrust his Sword up to the Hilt in her Belly, being penetrable in no other place, from whence issued such abundance of purple Gore, as turned the Grass into Vermillion Colour; and then redoubling his Blows, gave her such another thrust under the Wing with his Sword, as pierced her Heart, Liver and Bone, and made her yield her Life to the force of the Conquering Champion, who returned Thanks to Heaven for his Victory, with his good Sword, which was called *Ascalon*, he cut off the Dragon's head, and putting it upon the Truncheon of his Spear, rode towards the Court, expecting for his good Service, to be most royally entertained.

At that Time *Almador*, the Black King of *Morocco*, was in earnest suit with King *Prolomy*, for to have his Daughter *Sabrine* in Marriage, and having notice of St. George's Victory, fearing he would become his Rival, he intended to rob him of his Honour, and to that purpose hired Twelve Egyptian Knights, who set upon St. George as he was coming to Court, but the valiant Champion so behaved himself, that in little space he made their lives pay for their Treachery; which *Almador* perceiving, when he could do no otherwise, ran to the Court, crying, *Victoria, Victoria, the Enemy of Egypt is Overthrown.*

This being made known to King *Prolomy*, St. George was most royally received by him, but far more courteously by his Beautiful Daughter *Sabrine*, who then let her Affection so deeply on him, that length of Time would not wear it out, which she could not forbear

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to express unto him, and once at such a time as she was overheard by this Blackmoor King, whose Love she much desired in respect of the *English* Knight's, proffering to forsake her Parents and Idol Gods, and to travel with him wheresoever Fortune should guide their steps; all which was by *Almidor* made known to King *Protlomy*, who thereupon consulting to either, framed a Letter to the Soldan of *Persia*, in which was contained his Sentence of Death, and he made the Messenger to carry his own Condemnation, which he very innocently undertook to do; and coming to *Persia*, near the Soldan's Palace, observing their monstrous Idolatry, he could no longer hold, but threw down their Images of *Mabomet* and *Apollo*, and slew those who offer'd to withstand him; insomuch, that the Rumour thereof being noised at the Court, great Forces were sent against him, whom he opposed in single self, and sent many of them to the *Stygian River*; but Multitudes overcoming Valour, his numerous Enemies so wearied his Arm, that his never daunted Courage was forced to yield, and let his Weapon fall to the Ground.

There was he taken and carried before the Soldan, to him he delivered *Protlomy's* Letter, who thereby much enraged, commanded *St. George* to be laid in a deep Dungeon, vowing he should never return thereout, unless it were to Execution; where now we must leave our *English* Champion, to relate the Deeds of the other Six, and first, what befel *St. Denis* of *France*.

### CHAP. III.

*How St. Denis was transformed into a Hart by Enchanted Mulberries, and how he recovered his Shape, and put an end to the Enchantment of Eglantine, the King's Daughter of Theffaly.*

**S**aint *Denis*, the Worthy Champion of *France*, after he parted from the other six Champions, at the Brazen Pillar, travelled till he came into the Desert Country of *Theffaly*, inhabited only by wild Beasts, where being almost famished with Hunger, he chanced to feed upon the Berries of a Mulberry-tree, which being enchanted by Art Magick, in an instant transformed his Body into the likeness of a Hart (only his natural Reason remained) in which Condition he lived along time, bewailing his hard hap, till one Day shading himself under the Leaves of that luckless Tree, he heard a hollow Voice from the Trunk thereof breathe forth these Words follow.

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following: *Worthy Champion of France, know that this Voice proceeds from the Mouth of the King's Daughter of Thessaly, who is now transformed into a Tree, till the seventh Year, when she shall continue in the Shape of a Hart, when thou shalt be restored by eating of Roses, which being done, cut down this Tree and thereby shall the Enchantment be ended.* At the end of which prefixed time, his Horse, who had a long time left him, brought two Roses in his Teeth, which St. Denis took and eat, and immediately fell into a deep Sleep, and upon his awaking, he found himself returned again to his Pristine Shape, for which he returned Thanks to God, and curiously decked and trimmed his Horse for this worthy Service. Then taking his Sword in hand, proceeded to finish the Enchantment, and at one Blow cut in funder the Tree, from whence issued a most beautiful Daniel, of such an Angelical Love, as fired the French Champion's Heart, with Affection to her, and after some Parleys of Love past betwixt them, they plighted their Faiths to each other, and then travelled together to her Father's Court, who received them with unspeakable Joy and Comfort; where we will leave this Champion of France, to relate what happened to St. James, the Champion of Spain.

### CHAP. IV.

*How St. James, the Champion of Spain, killed a wild Bear in India: How for the Christian Religion he should have been shot to Death; and how he stole away the King's Daughter.*



*Our Adventurer, St. James, the Champion of Spain, in his Progress of seeking out Adventures, suffered many worthy Acts by him, which at last brought him to the magnificent City of Jerusalem, just at such a Time as*

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Nebuzardan the King thereof was going out on a Royal Hunting, having made Proclamation before, *That whosoever slew the first wild Boar in the Forest should have a Reward of a Coat of Steel, worth a Thousand Shelds of Silver.* This Challenge moved poor St. James, the two Spurs to prick Men forward to worthy Enterprizes, caused St. James to join himself with this Champion, and they both went to go them in noble Revelations. For following over the Plains before the Hunters, he came into a spacious Field, where his Valour quickly had an Object to work upon, there a mighty Wild Boar, lying before his molly Den, of such enormous Bulk and proportion, as is almost incredible to declare. But the brave and famous Champion St. James, nothing daunted, courageously set upon him, dealing such Blows with his keen Faulchion, that ere the rest of the Company came in, he overcame that monstrous Boar, cutting off his Head, and presenting it to the King of *Castile*, who accordingly gave him the Reward promised; but having Intelligence, That he was a Spanish Christian, his Mind so altered, that immediately he condemned him to die, yet for his good Service in killing the Boar, gave him leave to chuse his own Death. St. James, seeing it could be no otherwise, desired to be bound, to a Pine-tree, after an Hour's respite to make his Peace with Heaven, to be shot to Death by a true Virgin.

But when the same should be put in Execution, not one Male could be found that would undertake it, whereupon the King commanded that Lots should be cast, which fell upon his own Daughter, the beautiful *Catharine*, whose Heart was already fired with the Love of the Heroick Champion, and therefore on her bare Knees, earnestly begged his Life of her Father, which at length with much ado, was granted, but he for ever banished the Land, and departing a little space, out of the Love he bore to *Catharine*, who had preserved his Life, he ventured again, discolouring his Face and Hands, and remaining Dutch that he might not be known, at last got Opportunity to discover himself, and obtaining her Consent, to go along with him in the dead Time of the Night, he carried her off his Ship (which he did by his hands to prevent pursuit) and after many Days journey, narrowly escaped, as last night happily arrived in Spain.





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After some short Repose he sought himself, *St. Anthony* with *Rosalinde*, posted to the *Thracian Court*, where they were kindly entertained: but the King hearing of his Daughters Transformation with great Grief departed to the Castle, musing here to spend his Days with invocating his Country Gods, to restore his Daughters to their Shapes, whereupon *St. Anthony* (not willing to spend his Days in Idleness and Luxury) resolved privately to depart from Thracia, which being made known to *Rosalinde*, she also in great secrecy departed with him.

In the mean time, the famous Champion, *St. Andrew of Scotland*, having passed through many Dangers in a Vale of walking Spirits, came wandering also into this Country of *Thrace*, Fortune guiding his Steps to the same Castle wherein the *Thracian King* was Worshipping his Heathen Gods, which he perceiving, and knowing the Cause also of his great Idolatry, *St. Andrew* like a true Christian Champion, taught him the Worship of the Living God, which when they had rightly performed, on a sudden their Milk-white Swans were changed into the shape of beautiful Ladies, to the great Joy of all present, but this Joy lasted not long, for *St. Andrew* having Knowledge it was *St. Anthony* that had slain the Giant *Demogorgon* and how he was departed with the Lady *Rosalinde*, he forthwith stole away from the *Thracian King*, to seek out *St. Andrew*, whom he greatly long'd to see, and the King's Daughters wondering he was gone, travelled after him, whose sudden Departure caused great Sorrow throughout all *Thrace*.

The Six Ladies having travelled many a weary Mile in a familiarly search after *St. Andrew*, came at last to an uninhabited Wilderness, save only with Beasts and Savage Monsters, where they were surprized by Thirty Bloody Satyrs, that held them by the Hair of their Heads, regardless of their Shrieks and loud sounding Cries, intending to have ravish'd them of their Virgins' Honours: but Heaven (that always favours the Virtuous) had so ordered it, that *St. Patrick* the magnanimous Irish Champion, after many Harrold Actions, by him performed, was at the same instant also in the Desert place, who beholding the Inhumanity of these savage Champions, compassionately fell upon them, killing some of them, and putting the rest in Flight, delivering thereby those poor maidens from Death, or what they accounted such a cruel Death, the loss of their Virginities, who, after some space of Time, being a Gentleman in their

themselves relating to *St. Patrick* the Occasion of their Journey, with an Account of the Achievements both of *St. Anthony*, and *St. Andrew*, as you heard before in the beginning of this Chapter, *St. Patrick* comforting them the best he could, like a Noble Knight, undertook to be their Conductor in their Undertakings, having himself also a Mind to behold those Magnanimous Knights, who formerly had been his Companions in the Cave of *Kayle*. In which Journey we will for a while leave them, to relate the Actions of the seventh, and last Champion, *St. David of Wales*.

## CHAP. VI.

Now *St. David, the Champion of Wales*, by *Art Magick*, slept seven Years in the Enchanted Garden of *Ormondine the Necromancer*; and how *St. George* escaped out of Prison in *Perlia*, and redeemed the Champion of Wales from his Enchantment.

COME we next to speak of that Magnanimous Hero, *St. David of Wales*, whose vallant Exploits, and Heroick Performances were nothing inferior to the rest of the six Champions; making the Name of *Christendom* famous in those Nations that acknowledged no True God, especially his Actions in the *Tartarian* Court are not to be passed over in Silence, where his Prowess gained him the Honour to become the Emperor's Champion. But upon a solemn Feast-Day, whereupon were kept Royal Tilts and Tournaments in Honour of the Emperor's Birth, it was *St. David's* unlucky hap to Kill the Count *Palatine*, being heir apparent to the *Tartarian* Crown, at which the Emperor was so incens'd, that he would have slain him presently, but that in Honour he could not do it, whereupon he bestowed himself of a cleanly Conveyance, which was to send him to an Enchanted Garden upon the Confines of that Country, kept by a famous Necromancer, named *Ormondine*, binding him by the Oath of Knighthood, to bring him from thence the Necromancer's Head, all which *St. David* faithfully promised to perform, and with an undaunted Courage went to the Place, where at the Entrance in, was a Rock or Stone, in which was enclosed a most rich Sword, nothing appearing outwardly but the Butt, about the Pommel thereof in Letters of Gold was thus Engraven.

*This Sword cannot be pulled forth  
But by a Knight from *Quebec* North.*

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*St. David* really imagining himself to be this Knight of the North, courageously assailed to pull it forth; but no sooner was his Hand on his Hilt, but his Senses were oppress'd with a tremendous Sleep, that it was impossible for him to awake until the Enchantment was finished, which afterwards was performed by *St. George*, whose Exploits we now come to relate.

Seven times had the World's Bright Eye run his Annual Course through the Twelve Signs of the Zodiack, since *St. George* was first confin'd in that nasty *Persian* Prison, by the Treachery of the King of *Morocco*; when by chance stumbling upon a Bar of Iron, he made such use of it, that with continual Labour, he digg'd himself a Passage through the Ground, till in the dead time of the Night, he ascended, just in the middle of the Soldan's Court: Time and Place thus favouring his Designs, he ceased not to lend his assisting Arms to work out the rest, for hearing some Grooms in the Soldan's Stable, preparing their Horses ready to go on hunting the next Day, he takes the Bar of Iron, and kills them all; which being done, he took the strongest Gelding, and nicest Caparisons, wherewith he bravely furnished himself, then with a Chalk-stone, and upon a black Marble Pillar, he thus writ:

*Soldan farewell, for George is fled;*

*Thy Steed is lost, thy Grooms are dead.*

So setting forwards towards the Gates, he thus salutes the Porter, *Porter, Open the Gates with speed, for George of England is escaped out of Prison, and hath murdered all the Soldan's Grooms, which has alarm'd the whole Court.* The Porter ignorant of what happened, open'd the Gate for *St. George*, who with a nimble Pace never rested till he came within the Confines of *Greece*, beyond the reach of the *Persian* Horsemen, who in vain pursu'd after. But now Hunger again oppress'd him as sharp as Imprisonment did before, so that for several Days his Horse and he fasted alike, being forced to eat the Grass of the Field, and to drink the Water of the running Streams; at last he espied a Castle not far off, whither he directed his weary Steps, desiring of a Lady, who stood looking over the Walls, a Meal's Meat to relieve almost a famished Knight; but she with a Curt Frown, bid him begone, or else his Life must pay for his Presumption, her Lord being a mighty Giant, that with crushed Bones did recompence the Sanci-ness of such Intruders. *Alas (saith St. George) by the Honour of my Knighthood, here will I obtain my Dinner, or myself become*

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*And for Greys by his accursed Hand.* The Lady hearing of these Words, gave Information to the Giant, who immediately came forth, at such a monstrous, and witchlike Deformed Proportion, that he would have daunted a Courageous Knight, though strong and lusty for an Esconter, yet St. George (though much catechiled by Hunger, with a mag-nanimous Resolution set upon him; and, notwithstanding the Giant was armed with a mighty Bar of Iron, the Christian Champion dealt him such blows, that in fine, the Giant was forced to surrender up his Life, and the Command of the Castle into the Hands of St. George.



\* St. George having now finish'd his Work, went into the Castle to receive his Wages, viz. his Dinner, which he had dearly earned, but for fear the Lady should mingle Poison in his Food, he made her first to taste of every Dish; and having staid some time to refresh himself and his Horse, he left the Castle in keeping of the Lady, and went on in pursuair of his Travels, passing through the rest of *Greece*, and *Thyria*, until he came into the Confinnes of *Tartary*, unto the Enchanted Garden of *Ormandino*, where he spy'd the Sword inclos'd in the Enchanted Rock, when he no sooner put his Hand into the Hilt, but he drew it out with much ease, when immediately the Heavens were overcast with a thick Darknes, and the Earth shook and lumbred like mighty Peals of Thunder, the Winds blew so impetuously, that strong Oaks were rent in pieces by the same, and concomitently the Enchanted Garden vanished away; and the Champion of *Wales* awaked out of his sleep, where in he had lain for seven Years: The



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Necromancer, after he had briefly declared his wasteful Life to *St. George*, gave a most terrible Groan, and died, whose Head, with the Enchanted Sword, the *English* Champion gave to *St. David* to carry to the *Tartarian* Court, according to his Promise, whilst he himself travelled towards *Andover*, whither our Monk will now attend him.

CHAP. VII.

*How St. George arrived at Tripoly in Barbary, from whence he stole away Sabrine the King of Egypt's Daughter from the Blackmoor King, and how she was known to be a pure Virgin by the moat of two Lions.*



**T**He Noble *St. George* having, after many weary steps, gotten into the Kingdom of *Barbary*, he thought it in vain to attempt upon *Andover* by force of Arms, seeing he was attended by so many Courageous Knights, and yet desiring above all things to have Sight of his beloved *Sabrina*, for whose sake he had endured so long an Imprisonment, he therefore resolved to patch out the Lyon's Skin with the Fox's Tail, and gain by Policy what he could not purchase by Force, to this end he exchanged his Horse, Armour and Furniture,

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picture, with a Palmer, for his Gown, Staff, and Scrip, and so accoutred, went directly to the Court, where he beheld a Number of Palmers waiting in the Gate for Alms, which the Queen herself in Person daily bestowed, in Remembrance of the English Champion; in distributing of which, when she espied this strange Palmer, remembering how he resembled the Princely Countenance of St. George, she took him by the Hand, and led him aside from all the Company, where he soon made known himself unto her, who went for Joy of finding him whom she never expected to see again; and after some short Discourse of their Health and Welfare, she related to him how her Father had intreated her to match *Alonzo* against her Will, yet though outwardly she was linked to him, none but St. George enjoyed her Heart, for whose Love she had hitherto continued a pure Virgin, by Virtue of a Golden Chain steep'd in Tyger's Blood, which she wore seven times doubled about her Neck. Then delivered she to him his Horse and Sword, with which he had formerly encountered the burning Dragon. And now, my George (quoth she) nothing remains but to free me from the Power of my forced Husband, which Opportunity invites us unto, he being with the whole Court rode out a Hunting. Saint George willingly condescended to her Motion, sealing the same with as sweet a Kiss as ever *Leander* bestowed on *Hero*, and having gotten the Good-will of an Eunuch to go along with them, stored themselves with Jewels and other necessary Provisions, being gallantly mounted, they posted away with all the Speed they could make, passing through divers Woods, Desarts and unknown Places, to escape the Pursuit of those which the Black Moor King would send after them.

Having travelled thus for some few Days together, at last the beautiful *Sabrina* began to faint with Hunger, which made St. George to leave her under the Shade of a broad spreading Oak, accompanied with the Eunuch, whilst he went out in pursuit of some Prey, to satisfy their craving Appetite, so it was his Fortune to kill a Deer, which having cut out with his keen-edged Sword, he brought a Haunch thereof along with him to present unto his beloved Lady: But a sad Accident happen'd in his Absence, for two hungry Lyons, ranging about for Prey, came directly to the Oaken-tree, where these Two weary Travellers were repairing themselves, who with angry Mood seized upon the Eunuch, and soon buried his Body in their hungry Entrails; then tore they his Steed in small Pieces, *Sabrina* all

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all the while beholding it, expecting himself to become the next Moriel to allay their Hunger; but quite contrary to her Expectation, with fawning Gestures they came unto her, and laid their Heads in her tender Lap, and there quietly fell fast asleep, at which Time St. George returned, who standing a while in amaze what to do, at last he threw down his Venison, and with his trusty Sword *Ascalon*, soon dispatched both the Lyons. Now *Sabrine* (saith he) I have sufficient Proof of thy true Virginity, the Nature of these Beasts being such, that they will bow their Heads to none but such as have kept their Chastities inviolate; therefore Divine Paragon, Nature's Wonder, and Love's Abstract; doubt not but thy Fame shall resound for Love and Chastity, so far as *Phœbus* darts his Golden Rays.

Then dressed he the Venison for her, which he had brought, and having refreshed themselves, they set forwards in their wonted Travels, till they came into the Country of *Greece*, where they soon had News of great Tilts and Tournaments suddenly to be holden at the Emperor's Court, in honour of his Royal Nuptials, with the Emperor of *China's* Daughter: The Fame whereof had summoned thither the most approved and magnanimous Heroes, both in *Europe*, *Asia*, and *Africa*, to try their Manhood, and by noble Exercise of Arms, to mount up into Honour's Throne; among the rest, the seven Champions of *Christendom* arrived there, unknown to each other, of whose valiant Acts, to their Countries Honour, we come now for to declare.

#### C H A P. VIII

*How the seven Champions performed valiant Exploits in the Grecian Court, where having Intelligence of the great Preparations that were made by the Pagans, every Champion returned into his own Country for Forces to withstand them.*

**I**Nfinite were the Number of Knights assembled in the *Grecian* Court to adventure their Chance in Fortune's Lottery for the purchasing of Renown. But the Seven Champions attained to such Favour with the *Grecian* Emperor, that he appointed them to be his own peculiar Champions against all Comers, each his several Day, seven Days together, the appointed Time for holding the Jufts: To relate all their several Adventures, how they foiled each one that came against them, would ask too much Time for our intended Brevity;

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vity: let it suffice to know, That their Prowess was so highly admired by the Emperour (in Reward of their Valour) he bestowed upon them a Golden tree with seven Branches, in the dividing whereof they came to be known unto each other; which so rejoiced their Hearts, that they accounted that Day as Fortunate unto them, as when at first they were delivered from the Thraldom of the Enchantress Kalyb. But long had they not enjoyed the Fruition of each others Companies, when there arrived at the Emperour's Court, a Hundred Heralds, from a Hundred several Countries, which by the command of their Princes, proclaimed War against all *Christendom*, in these Words:

*We the most Ruissant Monarchs of Asia, and Africa, do by a general Consent of us all, Proclaim open War, Fire and Sword, with utter Destruction, to all the Countries and Kingdoms of Christendom, in a full Revenge against them for the Injuries sustained by their seven Champions, desiring all the Followers of Mahomet, Termagant, and Apollo, in this our Determination to join us and take our Parts.*

The Grecian Emperour being also a *Pagan*, Associated with them, giving commandment to muster up the greatest Force his Land could afford. All which when the seven Champions understood; to prevent their bloody Purposes (after due Consideration had amongst themselves) each one with his betrothed Lady departed home into his own Country, there to raise Forces to withstand the Common Enemy, *St. George* into *England*, *St. Denis* into *France*, *St. James* into *Spain*, *St. Anthony* into *Italy*, *St. Andrew* into *Scotland*, *St. Patrick* into *Ireland*, and *St. David* into *Wales*; the prospect of whose delightful Habitations they had not beheld in many Years before; where they were most Royally entertain'd according unto their own Hearts desire; each several Prince in his common Cause contributing the utmost Assistance they could make, appointing the Bay of *Portugal* for their great Rendezvous; and all with one general Consent nominating *St. George* to be their General; whose Valliant Exploits and Honourable Performances shall be discoursed of in the Chapter following.

# The Seven Champions of Christendom.

## CHAP. IX.

Now the Seven Champions of Christendom arriv'd with all their Troops in the Bay of Portugal, where St. George made an Oration to his Soldiers. The Differtion in the Pagan Army, with other things that happen'd.



AT the appointed Time, the Christian Champions, with each one a well approved Army, met in the Bay of Portugal, the Number of which conjoined together, was above Five hundred Thousand, unto whom, St. George, their appointed General, made this following Oration.

Fellow Soldiers, and kind Country-men, whose Valour the World Admires and Dreads, we are now going into the Field of Honour, and to the Work of Manhood; the Time is now at hand we have long looked for; and prayed for, and your work the noblest in the World: put forth therefore your utmost Forces; that Ages to come may know what the Lance, the Axe, the Sword, and the Bow can do in the Hand of the Valiant: fear not the numerous Force of our Enemies, whose Number is rather a Burthen than an Advantage unto them: but know your Cause is the best: the Defence of the Christian Religion; and your Native Countries, which will outpoize all their vast Numbers. Whosoever therefore desires Riches, Honour, and Rewards; now they are all to be gotten by the Overthrow of these Miscreants, who will fly before your Valour, as Flocks of Sheep before the greedy Wolf.

The Soldier-like Oration, put such Courage into the Breasts of the Soldiers, that with a general Voice they cryed out, To Arms,



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20 Arms, with The Magnanimous Champion Sr. George of England. In which gallant Resolution we will leave them for a while, to relate what happen'd in the Army of the Pagans, who like Grasshoppers over-spreading a Country, met in the Land of *Hungary*; in such Multitudes, that (had not God frustrated their Intentions) the Christian Army had been but a Morsel, scarce sufficient for them for one Meal: But the Almighty laugh'd their Actions to scorn, and by his invincible Power, confounded them in their own Practices: for being about to Elect a General, each Nation were obstinate to have their King the Person that should Command in Chief; and so eager they were in these Resolutions, that from Words they fell to Blows, which ended at last in a most desperate Fight against each other, until the Ground was changed from a verdant Green to a Purple Hue, and each Place strewd with the Carcasses of dead Bodies. Here might you see a Head newly lop'd off from his Shoulders, with a gasping Mouth, complaining as it were for its Separation from the rest of the Body: there lay an Arm, with a Hand grasping of a Sword, as if it would yet fight in its Body's Defence. In another Place you might behold one who would run away from Danger, but that his Legs are so tangled in his Fellow's Guts, he cannot stir. Here lay the Brains of one, there another with his Mouth and Jaws cut away, so that he could not complain of his own Misfortunes. In fine, such Horror and Destruction was amongst them, as would make the Heart of an Enemy to relent. Those that remained of this bloody Encounter, withdrew themselves into their own Countries, cursing the Time that ever they undertook so unlucky an Enterprize, and confessing it was in vain for them to attempt any thing against the Christians God.

Long was it not e'er the News of this bloody Encounter came to the Ears of St. George, and the rest of the Christian Champions, who having received the Intelligence, soon raised their Armies, and marched directly to *Barbary*, against the bloody King of *Morocco*, to chastise his Treachery committed against the most Renowned English Champion.

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## CHAP. X.

*The terrible Battle between the Christians and Moors in Barbary: the great Overthrow of the Pagans: And how Almidor the black King of Morocco was boiled to Death in a Brazen Cauldron of Lead, &c.*



**T**He Christian Army, under the Conduct of the Magnanimous English Champion, St. George, being arrived in *Barbary*, and with their victorious Arms turning all into ruine wheresoever they came: the noise thereof made *Almidor's* guilty Conscience to quake, and thereupon he raised a mighty Host to withstand them, and with great Courage fell upon the Christians, so that between them ensued a most terrible Battle, each side striving to out-do the other in Victorious Exploits, the Christians in revenge of *Almidor's* Treachery, and to purchase Renown: The Moors in defence of their Country, their Wives and Children, Three Days together did this bloody Conflict hold, the Night scarce giving them time to breathe in; but that before the Sun began his diurnal Race, they returned their Strength to a more Eager Encounter; Horror, Bloodshed, and Amazement was on their Side, and Death rode Triumphant through the whole Host: but the valiant St. George, (whose Courage was ne-

ver wanting at all Assays) being minded to put an end to the Fight, singled out the *Morocco King*, betwix whom and the *English* Champion, was a long and dangerous encounter, but *Amador* not able to withstand the mighty Buillance of *St. George*, was forced to yield himself to his Mercy, and become his Prisoner: which the Moors seeing, presently would have fled to the chief City: but the Christians intercepting them, made amongst them such a Slaughter, that not one of a Hundred escaped to tell the sad Disaster of their Misfortunes.

The Christian Army then marched directly to *Tripoli*, carrying along with them the wicked *Amador*, to whom (notwithstanding his evil Deserts) upon a Promise of forsaking his Heathen Gods, and to turn to be a Christian, Mercy was proffered, which he receiving with sinful Execrations against the Christian Religion, he was boiled to Death in a Brazer Cauldron, filled with Oile and Marston: at the sight of whose Death, as well Pagans as Christians, with a loud Voice cried out, *Long live St. George, the Valiant Champion of England, who, by his valiant Prowess, hath freed us from their miserable Thralldom.*

Hereupon the *Morocco* Peers with bended Knees, came to *Saint George*, proffering unto him the Imperial Crown of *Barbary*, and promised to be Christened in the Christian Faith; all which was presently performed, by placing the Crown upon his Head, and abolishing *Mahomeranism*, with all the Superstitious Rites of that false Prophet: Whereupon, a great Alteration suddenly ensued, Pagan Temples were pulled down, and a Christian Church erected; instead of a Tyrannical Government, good and wholesome Laws were ordained, Peace, and Plenty flourished every where, and a general, Rejoicing was throughout the whole Kingdom.

But the Heroick Champions not minding to spend their Time in the idle Bower of Peace, and to see their Armour hang rusting on the Wall, when so much Action was to be dony in the World, they therefore summoned their Soldiers to reassume their Courage, and to put themselves in an Equipage for War: *St. George* committing the Government of the Land in his Absence to four of the principal Peers of *Morocco*, the whole Army marched directly to *Egypt* against King *Profomy*, who had conspired with *Amador* for sending *St. George* into *Persia*.

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### CHAP. X.

*How the Christians arrived in Egypt, and what happened to them there.  
The Tragedy of the Earl of Coventry. How the Egyptian King broke*

*his Neck; and how St. George redeemed his Lady from being Buried  
to Death at a Stake.*

**T**HE Seven Champions of Christendom, with their Victorious Armies, being arrived in Egypt, they supposed presently to have met armed Troops to withstand them; but contrary to their Expectation, they find both Cities, Towns and Villages uninhabited, the terror of their coming striking such an Amazement to the Inhabitants, that they hid themselves in the most obscure Places they could find: wherefore they marched to King Prolomy's Court, intending first to burn that, and then afterwards the rest of the Cities into Cinders. But whilst they were in these Thoughts, and being come near thereto, they were met by Prolomy and his chiefest Peers, all in Mourning, bearing broken Weapons, inverted Launces, and torn Armour, with many Thousands of Women and Children, wearing Cyprus Leaves about their Heads, all with one Voice crying for Mercy, and to spare their Country from utter Ruine. King Prolomy the foremost of them all, addressing himself to the Christian Champions, in these Words:

**M**OST Noble Knights, and Renowned Champions, whose Names are enrolled in the Book of Fame for my grey Hair: move you to pity, and my bended Knees, that never bowed to any till now, cause Compassion in you; but if no mercy be preferred for me, as unworthy of any, yet let me plead for pity for my poor Commons, who are altogether innocent of those Injuries offered to the English Champion occasion'd by the Treachery of that wicked Almidor, working upon my easy Nature: O let me sell a Sacrifice for their Safety, and stain not your Hands in their guiltless Blood, but spare them and us, and we shall not only become your servants, but forsake the Belief of our false Prophets, and thenceforth believe in the Christians God.

This sorrowful Lamentation and Request of King Prolomy, made the Heart of the English Champion to relent, so that he not only granted Mercy to the whole Land, but also Life to King Prolomy, upon the Conditions before promised; which gracious Grant was

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so welcome both to the King and Commons, that all on a sudden the People returned from their lurking Places, to their former Habitations: Bonfires were made in every Place, the Bells rang Day and Night, and so much Banqueting, Dancing and Mallowing was used, as excelled that which the Trojans made, when Paris returned from Greece with the Conquest of the Spartan Queen.

But this Sun-shine Weather was soon over-shadow'd with a Cloud of Sorrow; for in the interim of all their Joy, there arrived at the Court an English Knight, who thus deliver'd himself to St. George.

*Renowned Champion of England, if ever you expect to see your beloved Lady again, make all the haste you can unto her, who is adjudged to be Burned to Death at a Stake, for Murdering the Earl of Coventry, who by his Gifts, Entreaties, and Allurements, sought to bereave her of her Honour, and by lustful Acts to stain her Name with Infamy, which your virtuous Lady always withstood; but at last he finding her alone, and renewing his suit, with threatening of Force upon her denial, she with kind Words lul'd him asleep, and then sheathed his own Point-yard in his Breast, which on a sudden bereaved him of Life: for which Fall she is condemned to die the Death asore said; yet this Favour granted her, that if within Two Years space a Champion be found that for her sake will venture his Life, if he overcome the Challenger, her Life shall be saved; but if not, then she must die.*

These Words struck a wonderful Astonishment and Sorrow to all that heard them, especially to King Ptolemy, who in a desperate Mood, cast himself headlong from the Top of an high Pinacle, and broke his Neck: Whereupon St. George was immediately Proclaimed, and soon after Crown'd King of Egypt: and then leaving the Christian Champions, he went into England, where he Combated with the Baron of Chester, that was Champion against the Lady Sabrine, whom he overcame in Battle, to the great Joy of the English King, and his beloved Sabrine, with whom he afterwards spent his Life in much Joy and Felicity.

F I N I S.



